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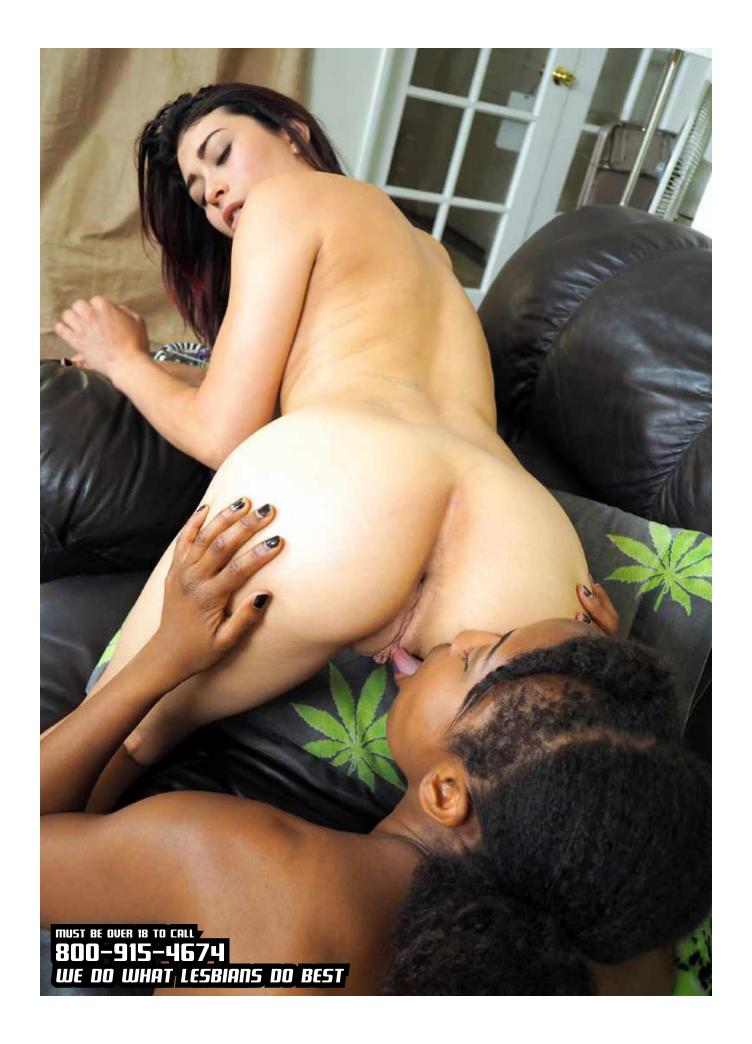
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Raven and I have similar interests. We both like partying at our sorority – and getting some good sex. Oftentimes, in order to get some yummy good sex, we have to do it to each other. So we like to spend our weekends getting down and dirty with each other, and we do it all night long! We think you can see why.





















Harry whipped his old van into the corner store parking lot, coming to an abrupt halt beside a dumpster piled high with garbage. He killed the engine, eyeing his surroundings warily before opening the door and climbing out.

Violent crime had escalated in the past few days, no doubt triggered by the giant creature's current trajectory – the dreaded behemoth, height and weight rivaling that of a *Kaiju* monster, was headed this way, leaving a wake of total destruction in its path. Harry had seen the horrific images on television shortly before his power went kaput. Deci-

mated cities and towns peppered with rotting corpses. His little corner of America was purported to be next. Death was imminent.

The storefront door had been shattered. Looters, Harry thought. Crossing the threshold, glass crunching beneath his sneakers, he saw a store gutted like a bass prior to a Fourth of July fish fry. Luckily some beer remained in the cooler. It would be warm, of course, but warm beer was better than no beer.

He grabbed two twelve packs, one for each hand. Enough, he reasoned, to get him to the finish line. His novel was almost done. Now it was a race against time. Harry was determined to complete his masterpiece before the abomination arrived and turned his hometown into a pile of smoking rubble.

He was headed for the door when the skinny brunette with the .32 popped up from behind the counter, giving Harry one hell of a scare.

"Don't shoot!" He dropped the brewskis and reached for the sky. "I can pay for the beer if you—"

"Hell, I don't work here. I just came for beer and

smokes." The brunette gripped the gun with both hands. "Say, you're not one of them crazies, are you? Lots of crazies roaming the streets, you know. This monster has everybody going bat shit bananas."

"Can you blame them?"

"Not really."

"We'll all be dead soon."

"That's what they're saying."

Harry had always had a thing for brunettes. This one was smoking hot. Sexy freckles on her face and arms. Beautiful green eyes. She turned him on. Big time.

"Can I drop my hands now?"

"I guess so," the brunette said. "You seem harmless enough."

Harry relaxed, expelling a sigh of relief before retrieving his beer from the floor.

"Why didn't you skip town?" he asked.

"I could ask you the same question."

"This damned thing is going to wipe out the entire country, maybe even the whole world. Fleeing might buy us a little bit of time, but that's all. If we could've killed the fucker, we would've already done so. I'm afraid we're outmatched."

"Thanks for the pep talk."

Harry wondered where she was from, but opted not to inquire. He had wasted enough time with chitchat. The clock was ticking. His novel beckoned.

The brunette reached below the counter and came up with her own twelve-pack, patting it lovingly as if it were a beloved pet. "Getting shitty for the big wipeout, I see."

"Great minds think alike," Harry told her.

"I hear you. When that ugly son-of-a-bitch arrives I plan on being blotto with a capital B. Wish I had something stronger, but this'll do in a pinch."

"This is fuel," Harry explained. "I need it to finish my novel."

"You're a writer, huh?"

"Yeah," Harry said, "soon to be extinct."

"And you're going home to work on your novel?"

"While there's still time."

"You must be close."

"Just a few pages to go."

"Good for you."

"Look," Harry said, "I'd love to hang out, but I really need to go. The end is—"

"Can I tag along?"

She really did it for him. Still, the last thing he needed was the distraction of a hot female. She'd get drunk and start flapping her jaw.

"I'll be quiet," she said.

Harry gave it some thought. He was torn.

"Honest, I'll just sit there and drink my beer. You won't hear a peep from me."

"You promise?"

The text was supplemented with colorful stills of Stickman in action. Jessie admired his huge cock. "What I wouldn't give," she muttered, "to ride that rod."

"Promise."

"Okay," Harry said. "Let's go."

She grabbed her cigarettes and beer, then plucked a stroke mag from a display beside the chewing tobacco. "Something to read," she said, "while you write."

"Here we are," Harry said. "Home sweet home."

His low income apartment was on the top floor of a twelve-storey high rise. During the drive over he had asked the brunette for a name. "Jessica," she had said, "but most folks call me Jessie." Harry had never known a Jessie.

She made herself at home, sitting on his threadbare sofa while he dropped into the straight back chair at his writing desk. Harry said a silent prayer that the battery in his laptop had enough juice to see him through. Jessie honored her promise, sitting quietly with her beer and smokes, thumbing through the stroke mag contentedly.

Harry drank and worked on his novel. Jessie's presence failed to distract him. He actually forgot all about her. Even the forthcoming monster faded into the background. His universe was narrowed to the fictional world of his creation.

He belted out line after line, paragraph after paragraph, page after page. Every so often he would get up for a fresh beer. He drank one after another, filling his tank, fueling the machine.

And the machine was hitting on all cylinders.

Her bladder filled with beer, Jessie got up to take a whiz, taking the stroke mag with her. She had been drinking at a swift pace and was enjoying a nice buzz. She sat on the toilet, belched, and resumed her reading.

The article, an expose on porn star Rod Stickman, was fascinating. At the pinnacle of his career, Stickman had vanished without a trace. Some speculated he had been murdered by drug dealers, cut up into little pieces, and deposited in various dumpsters throughout Los Angeles. Others thought he had simply gotten fed up with the industry and cut out for a quiet life in some small town.



The text was supplemented with colorful stills of Stickman in action. Jessie admired his huge cock. "What I wouldn't give," she muttered, "to ride that rod."

And that's when Harry hollered from the other room. "HALLELUAH! I DID IT! I FINISHED MY NOV-EL!"

"Congratulations," Jessie said. "That's a major accomplishment."

"Thank you, Jessie."

After finishing her business she had rushed to Harry's side. Now they stood there beside his desk as his laptop blacked out.

"Dead battery," he muttered.

"You finished just in time."

"I knew it would be close."

"Too bad I'll never get a chance to read it."

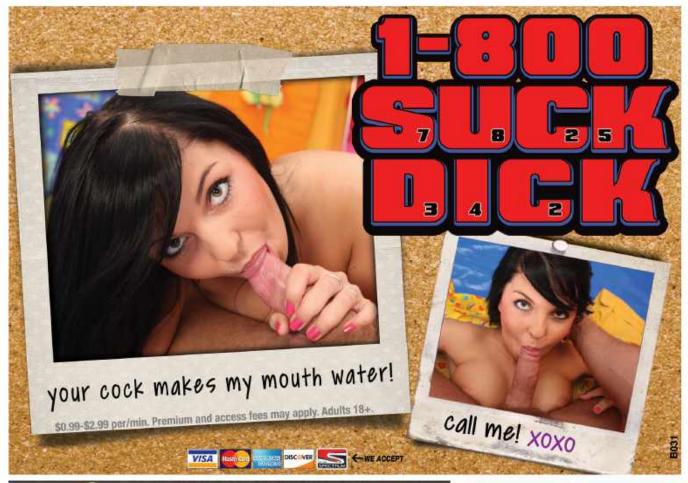
Harry wasn't about to provide her with a plot summary. He was mentally tired and intent on getting drunk for the monster's arrival. Jessie had other ideas.

"Want to fuck?" she asked.

"Excuse me?"

"I mean, hey, why not? It's the end of the world, man. We might as well go out with a bang."

Of course the prospect had crossed Harry's mind. But it had been a fleeting thought as he had been totally focused on his novel. Now that the book was finished this













sounded like a wonderful idea, the perfect way to celebrate, the perfect way to die.

"What did you have in mind?" he asked.

An eager Jessie unzipped Harry's pants and pulled out his cock. She knelt before him, fingers wrapped around his shaft, and proceeded to stroke with one hand. Harry leaned back against his desk, peering at her hand as it slid up and down, priming him with perfect technique. Jessie supplemented the handjob with her mouth, licking and sucking Harry's balls. He couldn't believe his good fortune. Sure, the monster was on its way. But he was taking full advantage of what little time he had left. He had been fortunate to finish the novel. And his good luck, thanks to Jessie, was holding strong.

Harry gasped when she took him in her mouth, devouring his cock greedily. Lips clenched around his pole, she pumped her head back and forth, moaning and slurp-



ing like a dick deprived slut. Jessie sucked and sucked, fondling his balls as she did so, bringing him to the brink before coming up for air.

"I'm ready for your hard cock, baby," she told him.

Jessie shucked her T-short, shorts, and panties. She traded places with Harry, sitting atop the desk. Harry stroked his cock slowly as she spread her legs and fingered her pussy. He started to go down on her, but she stopped him.

"No," she said, "there's no time. I want you inside me now. Pound my pussy."

Harry guided his cock into her wet slit, plugging her molten core. Then he started thrusting, fucking her with everything he had, plunging with piston-like jabs.

"Oh, yeah, baby! Just like that! Fuck me! Fuck my dirty cunt hole!"

Amazing, Harry thought. Here he was, perilously close to getting demolished by the giant marauding monster, having the best sex of his life, this just a short spell after completing his novel. Talk about bittersweet! What a way, he reasoned, to conclude what had heretofore been

a rather lackluster life.

"Come in my pussy!" Jessica rubbed her clit, working her fingers back and forth at a frenetic pace. "Explode inside me!"

Harry did just that, pumping her full of cream, emptying his balls as the entire apartment building began to shake.

"Look at that thing!"

Jessie bellowed. "It's fucking huge!"

Harry didn't say a word, couldn't say a word. He was stupefied into silence. The spectacle before him was so utterly surreal, so beyond comprehension, all he could do was stand there and gape.

They had dressed hastily and dashed to the window to observe the spectacle. The monster had arrived. And it was putting on quite a show.

It stomped a strip mall with a massive webbed foot, turning the place into dust. It kicked cars and trucks out of its path, sending them flying through the air like

An eager Jessie unzipped Harry's pants and pulled out his cock. She knelt before him, fingers wrapped around his shaft, and proceeded to stroke with one hand

tin cans. It chopped a bridge in half, sending a slew of doomed motorists to their deaths.

Despite its show of superiority, the military continued to fight, battling the beast to the bitter end. Fighter jets assaulted the monster with missiles, focusing their attack on the enemy's face.

"Aiming for its eyes," Harry said. "They're trying to blind the bastard."

Jessie said nothing. She held the .32 in a white knuckle grip. A peashooter, Harry thought. The monster would laugh at such inferior firepower. Or maybe Jessie intended to use the gun on herself . . .

The jets circled around for another attack. This time the monster opened its mouth and sprayed them with fire, incinerating the sleek crafts on contact.

"Jesus," Harry said. "I didn't know it could do that."

A helicopter dived for the monster's head, peppering it with machine gun fire. Rat-tat-rat-tat-rat-tat! A blue laser beam flashed from the beast's left eye. The chopper was obliterated, literally melting in the sky.

And then it happened . . .

The sound was that of an approaching locomotive, gradually increasing in volume, getting louder and louder until it cracked the heavens.

Jessie pointed. "Look!"

He bored through the sky, arms outstretched, flying like a classic superhero. A blue cap billowed behind him.

Harry rubbed his eyes, certain that he was hallucinat-



ing. "Holy shit! Is that who I think it is?"

"The one and only," Jessie said. "Rod Stickman!"

"Supersized," Harry added, "with the ability to fly!"

The cape was Stickman's only garment. Time had done nothing to diminish his awesome physique. The exporn star still had his signature pecs and washboard abs. And he had lost none of his hair. Golden locks framed his chiseled face.

"He looks fantastic," Jessie said. "Look at that cock!"

Stickman touched down with the grace of a cat. Hands on his narrow hips, he stood before the monster in defiance. "I'M GIVING YOU TO THE COUNT OF FIVE TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE AND NEVER COME BACK!"

The monster replied by picking up a squad car and hurling it halfway across town.

Stickman began the countdown. "ONE! TWO!"

The monster yanked a radio tower from the ground; it got a running start and threw the tower like a javelin. The deadly spear slashed through the air, heading straight for



Stickman's heart. But the famous stud was too quick, too strong. He caught the tower with one hand, snagging it out of the sky. Then he snapped the thing over his knee as if it were a brittle twig.

"THREE! FOUR!"

The enraged behemoth went in for the kill, lunging for Stickman's throat.

"FIVE!"

Stickman sidestepped his attacker at the last second. The monster flew past him and tripped, tumbling to the ground in a heap of flailing limbs.

"YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH WAR-RANT!"

As the monster regained its senses and struggled to

its feet, Stickman spat in his palm and started stroking his colossal cock.

"He's jacking off!" Harry said.

Jessie stared in awe as Stickman's rod swelled.

The monster was ready for another attack. Stickman stroked and stroked, tugging his massive prick, getting closer and closer. His nemesis opened its mouth and unleashed a swath of fire. Still jacking off, Stickman leaped to the side, narrowly eluding the threat. He was almost there, just a few more tugs. Stickman jerked his pole faster and faster . . .

Spunk jetted from his cock.

His aim was perfect.

Globs of ball sauce struck the monster with incredible force, pelting its face, throat, chest, knocking it on its scaly ass. But this was no ordinary wad. The monster writhed in agony as Stickman's seed worked its corrosive magic. In less than a minute the acidic cum had turned the monster into a heap of bubbling sludge.

"Unbelievable!" Harry said.

Stickman launched into the sky and flew away. His work was done. Harry and Jessie watched him disappear until he was a mere pinprick in the cloudless azure sky.

Jessie placed her gun on the windowsill, trading it for the stroke mag. "They were wrong. Everybody was wrong."

Harry looked at her. "What are you talking

Globs of ball sauce struck the monster with incredible force, pelting its face, throat, chest, knocking it on its scaly ass. But this was no ordinary wad.

about?"

"This piece about Stickman; he wasn't killed by drug dealers, and he didn't run away to live a quiet life."

"I'm listening."

"He was recruited by the government," she posited, "and turned into a super weapon. They've been saving him all these years, perfecting him, getting him just right, waiting for the right circumstances to finally unleash him in defense of our country."

"That's your theory?"

"That's my theory," Jessie replied, "and I'm sticking to it."

They lapsed into a long silence. Finally Jessie said, "Hey, looks like I'll get to read your masterpiece after all "

"Sure," Harry said, "once the power is restored."

"Care to tell me what it's about?"

"Can it wait?"

"For what?"

"I'm horny."

They fucked once again. And forgot all about Harry's novel.







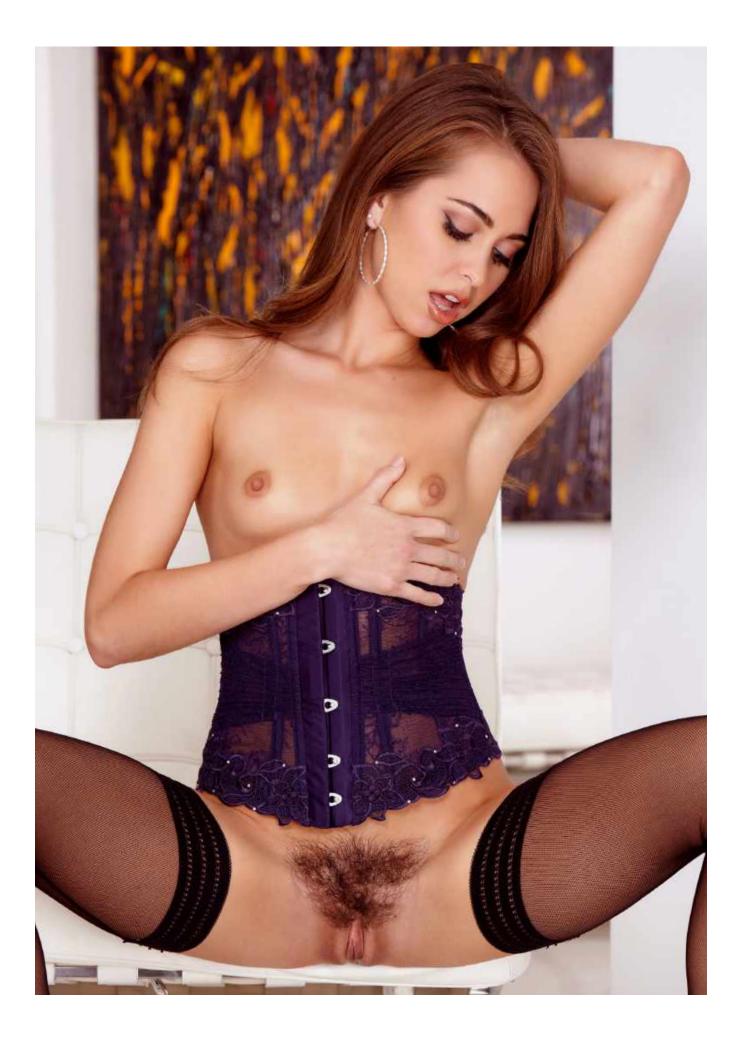
















































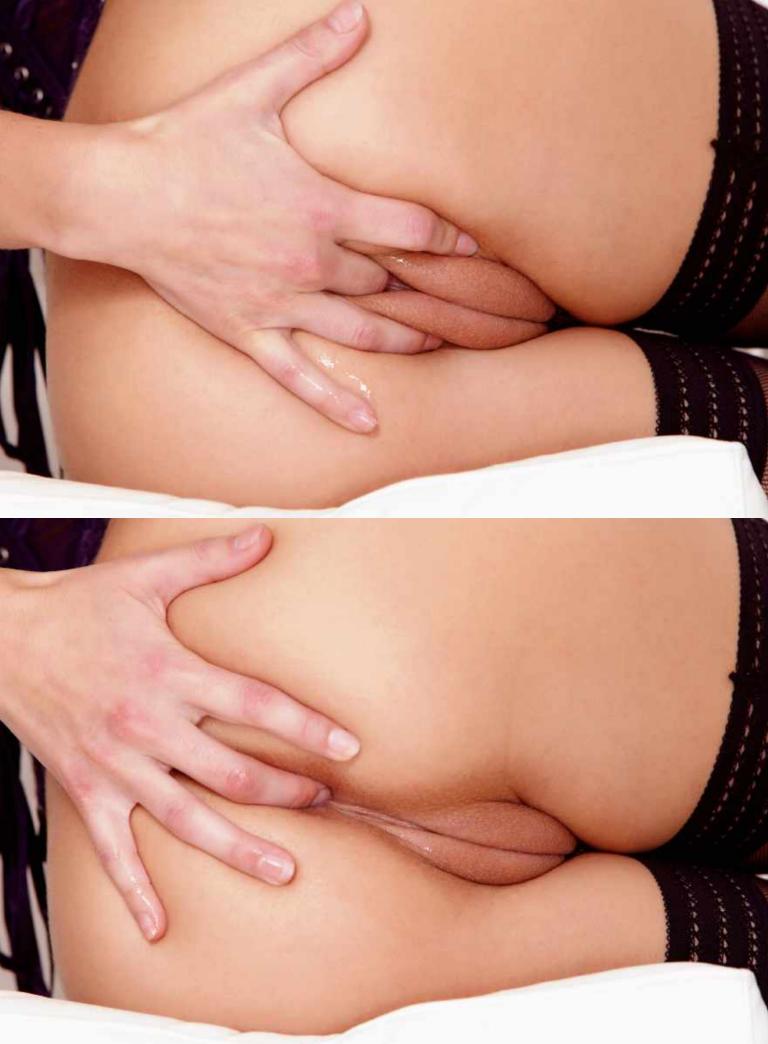












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Date night for Allyssa is stayin' in, and having some comfortable sex. She likes to get right to it. Even though she's wet enough, she puts her pussy on pause until she can get her man hard enough for her satisfaction. Now, because she is so wet, that lets her man slide right in and dick her til dawn!













MOUTHS AND PUSSIES AND COCKS, OH MY!



SNAKES ON A PLANE

In my years as a flight attendant, I've seen a lot of crazy things, but I don't think anything can top what I saw a few weeks ago. I was working a transatlantic run when, a couple of hours into the flight, I noticed something a little strange. On that flight, we had three bathrooms, but I was noticing that every time the one in the back opened, someone would stand up and head back to the same one. The other two went more or less unused, while it was like there was a line forming at the one.

I watched the cabin for a while, and it was almost automatic. And what was more, it was only men who were using the bathroom. I tried to shake it away, but the pattern kept happening, so I decided to head back to investigate. The men slipped in and out of the small space within a few minutes, but I never heard a flush. Finally, one of them opened the door far enough that I was shocked at what I saw.

One of my coworkers was perched up on the closed toilet, naked legs high in the air. She knew I spotted her because she gave me a quick wink as the passenger shut the door. He emerged a couple minutes later, looking extremely satisfied with himself, as my coworker quickly grabbed me and pulled me inside the small space.

The room smelled of sex and I think I almost slipped in a pool of cum that had been left behind by her string of men. And I wondered why I was there. She answered by telling me it was one of the perks of the run. A few of the flight attendants spread the word around the cabin, and the men marched back in a line, taking their turn. It dulled the boredom of a long flight, and most of the men were pretty generous.

I was about to turn and leave when my coworker asked if I was interested. I was so sure of the answer that I somehow paused and thought about it. It was crazy to think about, to even imagine. Yet here I was.

The rush of the moment got me.

Before I even realized that I agreed, my coworker pulled off my pants and ran her finger through my trimmed, blonde bush, teasing my clit with her fingers and tongue. After a second, she washed up and stepped outside. There was already someone

waiting, probably thinking it had been available while I was talking to my coworker. She whispered something in his ear then smiled back at me, mouthing have fun.

I swallowed as I realized what I was doing before shifting a smile toward the passenger. He gave a wry grin and asked if this was my first time up here. My coworker probably tipped him off. I nodded and he said it was okay, just as he pulled a thick, monster dick out of his pants. The way it throbbed looked like he'd been touching himself while waiting. He didn't waste any time, thrusting himself deep inside me enough that I let out a little scream.

He reached up and put a hand over my mouth as he pounded me. I was framed tightly in the small room, which meant that each thrust shuddered through my entire body, amplifying the pleasure. I bit my lip to keep from screaming, but the moans... the depth of pleasure... I couldn't deny it.

I looked deep in his eyes, feeling him enjoy my pleasure, feeling him loving his own. He throbbed inside, pausing a few times to let himself reach deeper. But it didn't take him long, and within a few minutes, I















could feel him gushing as he held back his own groans. Once he was drained, he quickly put his dick away and was out the door, leaving me alone with my legs up and wedged in the small chamber.

It must've been less than a minute before the next man came in, taller than the first, and with a much longer rod. I smiled up at him, my heart racing. I'd never been with two men so quickly, and the difference was like night and day. The first man had pushed outward, and made the passage a little easier, but this one... he found places that I didn't know existed. Deeper, more raw, more tender.

I arced my back, bracing myself so that I wouldn't squirm. Yet, as we hit a few gusts of turbulence, I thrust back up onto him, letting out a low scream as he unleashed his own load, mixing with the first.

And it kept going. A long line of men, coming in, smiling, but sticking their dicks right in and blowing their loads. I got fuller and fuller, dripping out all over the place. It was an exquisite feeling, full of pleasure and a long line of men. My coworker replaced me after what must've been an hour, and she was right. It did pass the time, and as I looked back

across the cabin at all the men who'd seeded me with a small, self-aware smile, I realized that there were definitely some advantages to the job.

- Bettie D., at 32,000 ft.

PAYING IT BACK

It's a lazy Sunday afternoon here in muggy Memphis and I'm sitting at the kitchen table thinking about things. Things that I just have to write it down and I'll probably send it off to someone, so if you're reading this, I decided to mail it off. I know it will probably get long, but hopefully not boring. So please read on.

Like most women, my sister-in-law Noreen likes to shop. One day she got carried away at the mall and spent almost all her rent money for May. She then asks my wife if we would loan it to her so that her husband wouldn't know. We agreed and dropped a grand into her hands and told her to go right to the bank and put it in. Next month it was something else, and then another until she was into us for almost twenty five hundred dollars. I had to put a halt to it.

But Noreen kept calling my wife who got mad at me for not helping

her little sister. I didn't appreciate that because I had helped her and it was about time that she started paying us back or I was going to tell her husband. She begs me not to tell him, and I was surprised when she told me Noreen had thought of a way to pay us back the money.

It turns out that her husband's business trips were not all about business. She intercepted some text messages from ladies in the other cities but kept it all to herself. She said she had thought about fucking other men to get back at him, and to pay me back. She said she hadn't because she didn't know how to go about it and was afraid to go out alone with other men and then ask them for money! I told her that if she was okay with revenge cheating on her man, I'd help her out. I wanted to get paid back, too.

The thought of sexing other men apparently excited her and so we sat down and formulated a plan. I told her if she were really serious I would help her. I somehow agreed and then she started squirming a bit. She said that I had to be there. I asked if she meant that she wanted me to actually be in the room while she fucked another guy?









"Yes," she said. I agreed and told her that the night was still young and if she wanted to try it out tonight, so then we could leave in an hour or so. We talked a little more and she decided to dress in a short skirt and a low cut blouse, with no panties or bra. She went home to change and when she returned she was wearing a thigh-high skirt with a short slit in the side of it and a thin blouse that did little to hide her erect nipples.

Ten o'clock rolls around and we decided to go to a well-known nightclub with dinner and dancing, but also a reputation as a bit of a meat market. When we entered, all eyes turned towards her, then me, but then back to her. We took a booth back in the corner facing a table with a couple well-dressed men.

She sat facing them and I told her while I went to get us drinks that I wanted her to spread her legs and flash them without being too obvious. By the time I got the drinks and got back to the table, one of the men was already talking to her.

I sat down and he said this is a hot lady you have here, and I said 'Yes, she is and she is my sex slave and will do anything I want her to do.' He asks me if I shared her and I told him 'Yes, but that she is expensive — and I had to watch.' He told me that he would give me a grand for the evening to do

what ever he wanted to do to her.

I said she is all yours. We walked just across the street to the hotel where he was staying and took the elevator to his room. The door to his room wasn't shut well before he had both hands on her tits. I took a seat and watched as he lower his hand to her bare pussy and started fingering her and unbuttoned her blouse with his other hand, letting it slip off her arms to the floor.

Now he lowers his mouth to her nipples sucking one and the other. I had been wondering how she would respond to a total stranger but he already had her moaning and squirming.

He took her to the bed, pushing her down on her back, spreading her legs wide and mounted her. She was so wet now that she took his eightinch cock with one deep thrust. He left it in her for a while to let her get use to it and then begins to fuck her fast hard and deep like a machine. She's screaming for him to fuck her faster and was loving it. She screamed as they came together. I watched as he climbed on her and told her to suck his cock. She went to work on it. I was hard as a rock watching her on her back sucking him with her legs still spread out.

She was really working on his cock now and again he came in her

mouth, just enough for her to taste it. He sent her to the bathroom to clean up as a knock came on the door. He answered the door and it was his two friends. Noreen walked out of the bathroom still nude and was shocked to see them standing there eyeing her up and down. I had agreed to collect a little more money as they took turns with her, fucking her pussy and mouth until two in the morning.

When we got home I asked her if she was all right and she said it felt so good and she had the best time of her life. I hugged her and kissed her on the forehead. I gave her a grand and told her she had earned it.

I said that she earned the rest of it with the other two guys and we were even-Steven. I thought that having the money, even for a short while, gave her more confidence and she could actually see the benefits of her labor. Then she asks when are we going to get her fucked like that again?

I told her when hubby was on his next business trip to call me. But she didn't know if she could, or if she wanted to, wait that long. I'm glad she's found a good gig. By the way, in case you're wondering, my wife was in total support of what her sister did. Next time she wants to come along and watch, too.

- Gary H., Memphis, TN































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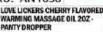
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